



Mrs. Wise—You'll have to have the house you've just bought entirely rebuilt inside.
Mr. Wise—Why?
Mrs. Wise—Not one of our carpets will fit the rooms as they are at present.

PERCY AND THE THIRSTY MAN—A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.



A WOMAN KNOWS.

The old lady had lost the check to her trunk, and the depot officials said that she must enumerate the contents and satisfy them that it belonged to her.

"Well, now," she began, "right on top of everything you'll find a red woollen shirt that I was taking to my brother William. William has rheumatism, and red woollen is powerful good for that."

"What else?"

"Then you come to three new sheets for Aunt Mary, with a new bedquilt for Aunt Sarah. Then there's a calico dress pattern for Aunt Mary's oldest girl, and a catskin cap for Aunt Sarah's oldest boy. Then you come to my clothes. There's a silk dress that has been turned top-to-bottom and made over again, and there's—"

"I think the trunk must be your's," said the baggage man.

"Well, there's the old corset I bought five years ago, a white shirt that I'm going to put some new trimming on, and an alpaca dress that I may give to Aunt Mary if she hasn't grown too stout. Then you'll find—"

"You can have the trunk, ma'am."

"Then you'll find a jar of raspberry jam, a bottle of currant wine and some—"

"Take it along, ma'am—it's your trunk for sure."

"Yes, it's my trunk, but now that you have got me naming the contents I'd

like to tell you that there are two pairs of shoes, three pairs of stockings, my last year's bonnet, an extra waist and—"



"Then you'll find a jar of raspberry jam."

But the baggage man pulled the trunk around, broke off one of the handles, bent the lock and told her that he wouldn't be responsible for spontaneous combustion if the thing remained there 15 minutes longer.

JOE KERR.

LOTS OF THEM.

Mrs. Benton Holme—I have a lovely fat.
Mrs. Wanta Noe—Have you any children?
Mrs. Benton Holme—Oh, no. No children are allowed in that apartment house.



THOUGHT SHE SAW A CHANCE.

Miss Caustique—Mr. Joshem has such engaging manners.
Miss Antique—Indeed! Oh, I should so love to meet him.

WHERE THE LAWYER CAME IN.

Uncle Billy Smith had got back home after a trip to see his sister, and sitting on the postoffice steps he said to the men who were asking questions:

"Well, in the car with me was a lawyer. I'd been talkin' with him and feelin' sorry that he hadn't taken to some honest profession, when the cars run off the track. Nobody was hurt, but our trunks in the baggage car was all smashed up. Party soon a man comes around, and asks us to make out the damages. I wrote down that I had lost two shirts, three pairs of socks, an old suit of clothes and a pair of shoes, and that my damages was \$10. The lawyer looks at the paper and said:

"But you hadn't added anything for the shock."

"What shock?"

"The shock to your feelings. Put down \$200 for that."

"But have my feelings been shocked?"

"Of course, they have, and you must get pay for it."

"I put her down as he said, and two days later I got my damages in hard

cash. I've all along thought a lawyer was next door to a pirate, and that he'd do most any mean thing, but I've had to change my mind. That feller jest worked



"But you ain't added anything for the shock."

up a shock for me and got me \$200 extra, and if my son Sam wants to go into the law business I shan't do any great ob-

jectin'."

JOE KERR.



PAPA'S FAULT.

Mrs. Westende—You never think of the future. You live only in the present.
Westende—Well, your father is to blame for that. He gave us our house for a wedding gift!

NOT A FAIR SHOW.

I was stopping with a farmer over night, and that evening two or three other farmers dropped in, and there was a good deal of talk about how much grass a man could cut in a day if he went at it with proper ambition. Mine host didn't enter into the conversation much, and when the men had finally departed I said to him:

"Do you believe that statement about

a man mowing five acres in a day?"

"I didn't have a fair show," he replied as he shook his head and heaved a sigh.

"How do you mean?"

"Why up to last week I would have claimed that I once mowed seven acres between sun and sun."

"And what happened last week?"

"I attended camp-meeting and got religion, and I can't do any more lying, you see!"

JOE KERR.



"Josh Eastle's quit buyin' gold bricks."
"Gittin' wise?"
"Naw, he's gone broke!"



VERY TRUE.

She—I don't see how "mooey" makes the man, do you?

He—No; and I don't see how some men make their money, either.

A MODERN FABLE.

One day as the Sage was walking along the seashore he was accosted by the Clam with:

"O, most noble and wise man, I pray you give heed to my lament."

"Well, what is wrong?"

"I want whiskers like old Reube Davis, the clammer."

"That's as easy as pie," replied the Sage, and with a wave of his hand he made a whiskered Clam of the bivalve.

Two days later, as the Sage walked again, the Clam came up out of the sand to say:

"O, Sage, I wouldst appeal to thy wisdom and kindness again."



"Anything wrong with the whiskers?"

"Anything wrong with the whiskers?"

"Alas! But there is. The crabs and lobsters keep pulling them until I can neither rest nor sleep. Take pity on me and remove them."

"Just as you say, my son," replied the Sage. "If you don't want whiskers why—"

And he gave such a pull that the head of the Clam came off with the whiskers, and there was an end of it.

Moral: What we think would make us most happy may turn out the greatest causes of sorrow.

JOE KERR.

A VOTE OF CONFIDENCE.

At the last regular meeting of the Line-Hin Club, Brother Gardner, President, rose up and said:

"My frens, it may not be news to you to learn dat Brudder Shindig Watkins of dis club has been found wid de goods on him, and am now waitin' his trial. He had let de hawg out of de pen and was drivin' him home when arrested. Brud-der Watkins owns up dat de proofs an-



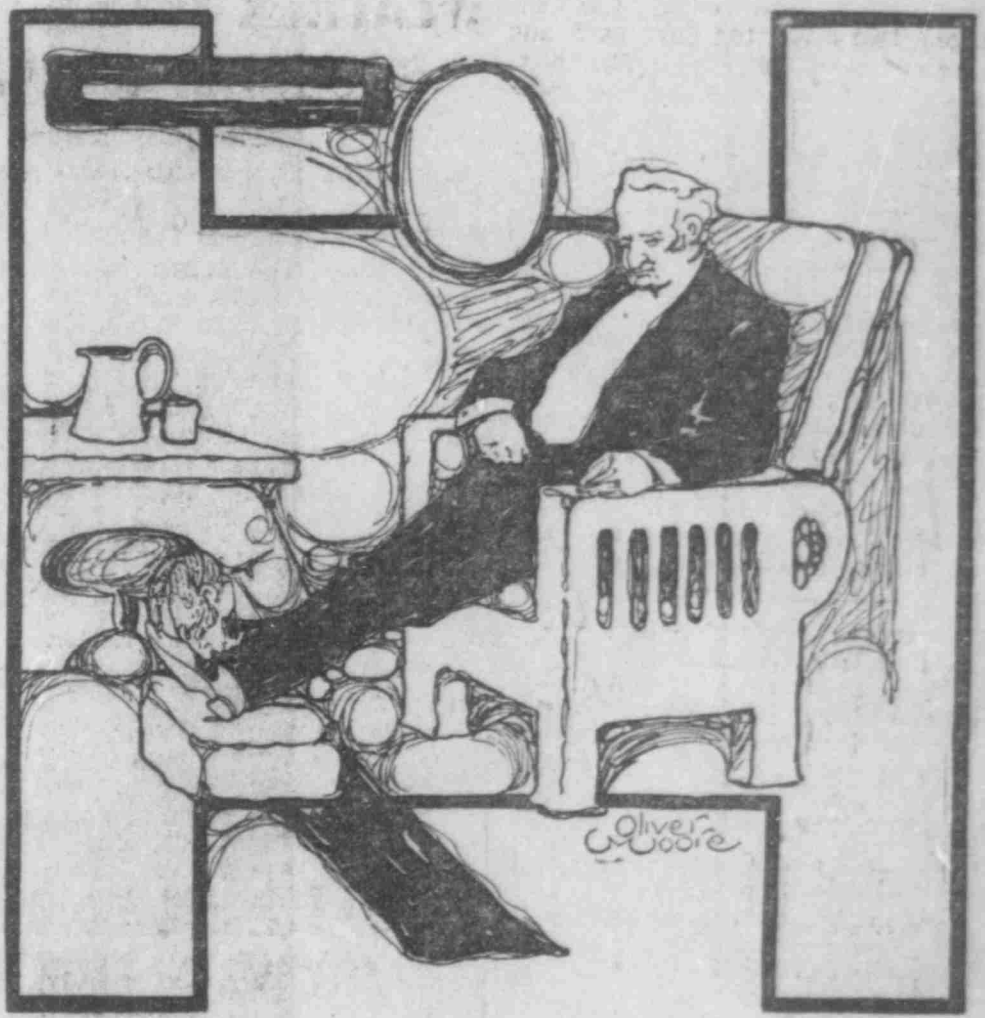
"Confidence dat he'll get a year in jail."

agin him, and dat he can't explain how he and de hawg become connected, but at de same time he asks dis club to pass a vote of confidence in him."

"What sorter confidence?" asked Given-dam Jones.

"Confidence dat he'll get about a year in jail," replied the President, "and all you in favor will say 'I.' Carried by a tremendous majority, and now if de Brud-der don't bring up in de coop it won't be our fault."

JOE KERR.



FIND THE ENEMY OF WHOM HE IS THINKING.



Old Chap—Young man you must be up and doing to attain success in this world—Do you ever see the sun rise?
Young Man—Once in a while.
Old Chap—When?
Young Man—Oh! On my way home in the morning.